

BERTON STAPLES

Our latest shipment of new Waists is divided into two lots for a quick sale.

LOT 1—\$1.50 and \$2.00
Waists to be sold for
98c.

LOT 2—\$2.25 and \$2.50
Waists for
\$1.25

Big reduction on Suits and Coats.

Ready-to-Wear Shop

39 Railroad Street

LOCAL GATHERINGS

—Advised letters at the post-office are: Ladies: Currier, Mrs. Will; Gilbert, Miss Stella; Smith, Mrs. W. S.; Thomas, Miss Myra; Thurber, Mrs. S. L.; Gentlemen: Gow, Rev. John R.; Johnson, Curtis; Miller, W. B.; Simpson, Edward; Wright, J. A.

—Philip Beck, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Beck, broke his arm last Saturday evening while leading a cow. The cow was frightened at something, and as the boy had the rope wound around his arm it was very easy for serious results to ensue.

—The ladies of St. Andrew's church will hold a porch tea at the home of Mrs. Alfred Poole Grint, 26 Spring street, on Thursday afternoon from three to five o'clock.

—Patients admitted at Brightlook Hospital during the past week are: Mrs. Thomas McGraw, Alice Parker of St. Johnsbury; Margaret Merrill of Washington, Charles C. Blake, Derby; Roy Fisher, Concord; Glenn Chandler, West Danville, and Patrick O'Hearne of St. Johnsbury. Those discharged were: A. Eggers, Gettysburg, N. D.; Allan Larabee, Portland and Patrick O'Hearne of St. Johnsbury.

—Patients admitted into the St. Johnsbury Hospital for this week are: Mrs. William Melum, Mrs. Edmund Daignault, Mrs. Olive Duval, Mrs. W. W. Boomhower, Mrs. Sine Bennett, Mrs. Amanda Toussaint, George McCaffrey, and St. Johnsbury. Those discharged are George McCaffrey, Mrs. Eugene Drouin, Mrs. Mary A. Brewer, Carl Henderson, Victorio Bona all of St. Johnsbury.

—St. Johnsbury has been suffering from some of the very hottest days on record, the thermometer ranging from 90 to 100 in the shade beginning Saturday, and although Wednesday was a trifle cooler than Tuesday it was a very hot day. As more than three days of such continuous heat are unusual in this climate there has been a correspondingly large amount of "kicking."

SUTTON.

A Large Attendance at the Children's Exercises.

A large audience was present Sunday morning to greet the children at their exercises which passed off well. The house looked some like 35 or 40 years ago so far as the congregation in numbers was concerned and it would seem that the people are people enough to nearly fill the church if they would come out every Sunday.

Mrs. McLaughlin from Westmore was at H. A. Blake's over Sunday and Monday returning Tuesday. Her daughter, Flora, went with her for the summer vacation from teaching. Miss Flora expects to return for the next school year when she has the village school where Sadie Blake has taught the past two years.

All the schools in town closed last Friday.

Charles W. Gates, state highway commissioner, met the selectmen at the town clerk's office Saturday and the matter of laying out the state money for road building was arranged satisfactorily.

Mrs. Mary (Brookway) Gillilan, a native of Sutton and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Brookway, died at West Burke Wednesday and the funeral was at G. A. R. hall on Friday afternoon with burial at West Burke where the Rebekah lodge of which she was a member, held their impressive service at the cemetery.

The regular monthly conference of the Free Baptist church is to be held Thursday afternoon at two o'clock when it is expected that some will be received as candidates for baptism in the near future.

Some have commenced to do their haying and find the crop less than last year.

Rev. Mr. Chandler held service at the Union House Free Baptist church Sunday afternoon at the usual hour and it is expected that Rev. J. D. Waldron will preach there next Sunday afternoon at the usual hour.

The next grange meeting is to be Saturday evening the 8th and they will give a social at their hall Thursday evening, the 6th.

Miss Bertha Craig has gone to the White Mountains to work in a hotel.

Misses Fanny Hastings, Flora McLaughlin and Sadie Blake were at St. Johnsbury Saturday on business.

Rev. A. N. Chandler was called to attend the funeral of Mrs. Carl Gillilan at West Burke last Friday.

RECENT DEATHS

Marshall.

Caleb H. Marshall, one of the most respected citizens of St. Johnsbury, passed away on Monday morning after a few hours' illness following several months of failing health.

Mr. Marshall was born in Northumberland, N. H., Jan. 28, 1825, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Marshall. Eight other children were born to them of whom only one is now living, the Hon. George A. Marshall of Burlington, Wis. Mr. Marshall lived with his parents during his minority, and in September, 1847, came to St. Johnsbury and entered the employ of E. & T. Fairbanks & Co. For 60 years he served as employee and foreman in the polishing department. Mr. Marshall was of a retiring nature and shrank from active public life, but was always ready to give financial assistance to the various benevolent organizations of the town. He was a charter member of the Grace Methodist church and for 40 years served as its treasurer. He was a great reader and never more contented than when with his books and papers.

On October 21, 1852, he was married to Almira E. Parker, daughter of the late Quincy B. Parker, of this town, who survives him. To them were born five children, of whom only one is living, Helen M., of Boston, wife of F. W. Robinson, a department director of the Boston Y. M. C. A. He also leaves three grandsons, Kenneth C. Robinson, a senior at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Edwin M., a senior at Harvard College, and John, aged two.

The funeral will be held from the house on Thursday afternoon at three o'clock.

Among those from out of town who were present at the service were: Mrs. Ida R. Peverly of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Robinson and sons, Kenneth, and Edwin, of Boston.

Spaulding.

Edmund C. Spaulding, 63 years of age and a well known resident of St. Johnsbury, died at his home on Railroad street Sunday from heart failure and Bright's disease.

He leaves a wife, Mrs. E. C. Spaulding, a son, Ora, a daughter, Jennie, one sister, Mrs. Charlotte Long of Granby, P. Q., and two brothers, Miles Spaulding of Suncook, N. H., and Albert Spaulding of Lyndonville. Relatives from out of town who attended the funeral were: Nellie Spaulding of Newport, Mrs. Edmund Proctor of Coventry and A. M. Shipman of Bellows Falls. He was born at Granby, P. Q., but has lived in St. Johnsbury for the past 25 years being employed as bridge superintendent of the Boston and Maine. He had been sick for over a year but was not confined to his bed until three weeks ago and even that did not stop him from doing his work as he had his men come to the house to see him and to give them orders. He was married twice, his first wife being Jennie Mitchell of Granby, P. Q., and his second Miss Lora Baker of Lebanon, N. H. The funeral was held at his home at three o'clock Tuesday afternoon. Rev. A. F. Welch of Manchester, N. H. officiating and the body was taken to White River Junction to be buried. The pall bearers were his employees, J. H. McLeod, Frank Hill, H. W. Battles, W. M. Tillotson, Frank Forest and L. E. Gordon.

WELLS RIVER.

Officers Elected by the High School Alumni—Personals.

The annual meeting of the W. R. H. S. alumni was held in village hall, Tuesday evening, June 27, 45 being present. The banquet was served by the L. A. S. The following officers were elected: President, Miss Amelia Jahn, '05; vice president, Elwin Cameron, '01; secretary and treasurer, Miss Ethel Cox, '03; assistant secretary and treasurer, Elsie Munsel, '10; executive committee, Malcolm Buck and Ruth Randall.

Kimball Marshall spent the Fourth in St. Johnsbury; Mrs. George Wheeler in Lisbon and Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Bailey in White River Junction Saturday.

Miss Grace Hayes of Springfield, Mass., was the guest of Miss Maude Davis from Saturday till Wednesday. The two were college mates at U. V. M.

At the morning service Sunday the following were received as members by the church: by letter, Mrs. Aaron Smith, Mrs. F. W. Powers, Mrs. Luther Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Miller, Miss Frances French and Carrie May Williams; by baptism, Daniel Farwell, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Munsel, Miss Pearl Powers and Miss Lilla Ruth Moore.

The ladies of the parish are invited to meet for sewing with Mrs. D. R. Allison Friday afternoon of this week.

Miss Mary Page, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin the past two weeks, returned to her home in Chelsea, Mass., last Thursday and Mrs. C. A. Goodwin of Chicago left for home Wednesday.

F. G. Kimball was the first to bring in home grown green peas. Miss Jennie McLellan is spending the week with Bernice Mayo.

Miss Katherine Graves is home from U. V. M. to spend her vacation. Mrs. Julia Hale of Boston has been a guest at Hale's Tavern several weeks.

Hon. E. W. Smith is on the street again after his long illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Wardwell of Hartford, Conn., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Bailey last week.

Mrs. Foss is in Burlington with her daughter, Mrs. D. Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Goodwin spent Tuesday in North Ferrisburgh with their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fisher.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Daniels and son of Lyndonville were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. David Brock over Sunday.

Miss Nellie Bailey came home Saturday from Silver Bay, where she went as delegate from Middlebury college to the Y. W. C. A. meeting.



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Nan, hot and freckled and happy, swung from the links to the lawn, and threw her clubs with a rattle at Virginia's feet. That blonde, rather fretful person, drew back her immaculate white skirt. Nan laughed.

"Why all the sudden snort? Wear white flannel, like me. This is not so beautiful, but it's quality—it stands wear and tear, and it's pleasant—doesn't make folks nervous about touching it!"

Virginia sniffed. So that's your definition of quality. I wonder if the new girl is quality! Wonder what induced Liza Stanton to ask her to an indefinite house party! Who is she—where is she from?"

Nan laughed again.

"Well, you look like a wild Indian, Nan. Better go in for clinging things and Vere de Vere repose, like this Miss Leith Story. Go round the corner to the grape arbor and you'll see the reason for my change of heart and attire. She reclines in a hammock, in a billow of pale blue gown, with tiny white slippers, tiny white hands, and an untanned skin. A blue cushion throws her yellow hair into relief. And beside her, looking very sentimental, and reading washy verse aloud, sits your special admirer, one Terry Lawrence. The charmer has him in leash!"

Virginia's self-control was not her strong point. "Therefore, men love helpless, unathletic females. Get busy with cold cream and curling irons, shed short skirts and trip over draperies, and you may get him back."

"You must be feeling the heat," commented Nan. "Your talk is deplorable! Terry doesn't belong to me—he's only a good neighbor from childhood. And I like to look at Leith Story myself—I believe Mrs. Stanton knew her mother at school. I'm going in—it'll take me an hour to get clean."

Virginia followed, feeling strained and cross. She stuck her head in at Nan's door a moment.

"Nan," she said, "don't mind my cattishness. Perhaps she is quality, but somehow she doesn't impress me so. This heat is making a peevish witch of me!"

Nan, after she was gone, thought a little. From her window she could see the arbor, a bit of pale blue, and a long, lean, masculine figure draped over a rustic seat in an adoring attitude. It was not like Terry to be ridiculous, and she had missed playing golf with him that afternoon—Jerry Peters was not very interesting.

Was Terry in love with the new girl? Putting up her fresh white dress, and plucking up her soft brown hair in its usual simplicity, Nan told herself that he had a right to fall in love as he pleased. But she rather wished she were a little less freckled, a little less alarmingly healthy in appearance. Miss Story's extreme fragility made her feel Amazonian.

At dinner, Terry was all eyes for Leith Story. Nan laughed with, and at, Jerry, Virginia was high-bred and bored. Mrs. Stanton, when the meal was over, excused herself for some letter-writing, and sent off a missive that read after this manner: "Come here for a little while and straighten out the tangle Terry is getting himself and me into. Against my will I asked Leith Story here—had to for her mother's sake—but she's like her father's people. I don't know the girl, but Terry is at her feet. And Nan, sweet and wholesome as ever, seems not even to see, let alone to rescue him against his will. Perhaps Leith is only flirting—I can't quite make her out, but I don't just care for her. Come down and see for yourself—I'll meet you at the station at any time you mention."

"Lovely, Liza."

One morning shortly after Mrs. Lawrence appeared casually enough, and was warmly welcomed. Nan, the motherless, had always loved her silver-haired neighbor, and Terry was devoted. The old gentlewoman knew the world and its ways. She quietly, but persistently cultivated Miss Leith Story, who was perfectly polite, but not over friendly. Terry, in some vague way, was aware that his time was being taken up, that he was being interfered with.

Virginia rather wistfully watched things as was her wont. She saw Mrs. Stanton, Terry's mother, Peters, always somebody, about the new girl. She herself kept in the background—she would seek no man, not even Terry, to whom her heart reached out in spite of herself.

Things went on, quiet outwardly, but in a rather strained way. Nan was much outdoors, often alone in her canoe on the little lake not far away. One morning she went out very early, before the sun was well up. Rounding a little point she came across Terry in another boat, his arms full of water lilies, half open.

He greeted her in the old boy-way. "Hello! Early bird you are! I came out to get Miss Story some lilies—she doesn't have 'em where she lives."

Nan gave a glance at the banks, but Terry answered her glance.

"Oh, she isn't with me. I suppose she's still asleep—she isn't much for exercise. And Nan! I hope you won't overdo it. Yesterday I saw you out there in that hot sun on the links, bare-headed. You'll get sunstroke!"

The girl looked at him in puzzlement. She had never worn a hat, save under threat. She had lived in the sun all her life. And so had he! This was Leith Story's influence, of course! Another thing—she felt his strained attitude toward her. For a moment he looked at her in the old way, then suddenly took up his paddle.

"I didn't mind to intrude on you," he said, and was off before she could answer that she was very glad he was there.

A few days after this in the late afternoon she was coming in from the links and met Terry. For a wonder, Leith Story, usually too lazy for effort, was walking with him. She was bare-headed, under her rose-colored parasol, her soft curls pinned crown-wise upon her small head, her feet in high heeled white slippers.

Nan greeted them in passing, for the first time with diallels for the other girl, so nonchalantly sure of the man with her. Nan gave a look at the sky—it was clouding.

"Don't go too far, or you'll get caught if a storm comes up."

Terry, intent on the girl with him, made a vague answer. He was a little troubled. He had asked Leith to walk, and she had consented listlessly.

"Yes, anything to get away from the everlasting old ladies!" she had answered. "Of course, your mother is a dear, but one doesn't always want older people. I don't understand them, for one thing."

He did not like this. They walked along, talking, dawdling. Before they knew it, the sky suddenly became very black. He turned back instantly, and Terry tried to hurry her, but her high heels interfered. And she was a little fretful. Also, she was visibly afraid. There was literally no shelter in sight, and the nearest out-building of the Stanton place was nearly a half mile away. Rain began to fall, thunder rolled and a fierce flash of lightning cut the clouds. She put her hands over her eyes, but he took her arm and tried to help her on, supporting her.

"If we hurry, we won't get very wet," he soothed, and taking off his white flannel coat, put it about her. "For see trees are not a safe place in a thunder storm. I must get you home some way; don't be afraid. It was careless of me not to heed what Nan said."

"Nan—that tomboy!" she said irritably. "But she happened to know for once!"

Terry's defense of Nan rushed almost to his lips—he suddenly loved her boyish, outdoor traits. It was better than this foolish helplessness. He would have liked to shake Leith Story.

The rain was beginning to come down smartly now, and the road was slippery. She clung to him and he held the ridiculous rose-colored parasol over her.

Then a sudden crash of thunder made her scream and hold tight to him. He tried to get her to go on, but in vain. And then rescue came.

Around a corner came a little covered phaeton, old Dawson driving. Nan, making do with a rubber-booted, got out smiling, level-headed.

"I knew you'd be caught—I came after Miss Leith." She aided Terry in getting the girl in beside the coachman, wet and complaining, her hair uncured and beginning to string over her face, her white slippers heavy with black mud. She hardly thanked Nan, but the girl did not mind that—Terry was giving her a beaming look of thanks.

"Drive Miss Story round to the side door—Susan will be ready for her, Dawson," commanded Nan. "I'm going to walk in with Mr. Lawrence."

Leith protested faintly.

Nan stopped her. "We're both ducks! We used to get away from mother and put on old things and get wet purposely—and we both love a warm rain—don't we, Terry?"

He nodded as the vehicle turned, and faced Nan, her hair curling about the edges of her water-proof cap. The phaeton went its way.

"I never was so glad to be rescued in all my life, Nan. Blessings on you! Seems as if I had found the comrade-angel of old times!"

She walked thankfully, blissfully beside him in the steady rain, splashing in the mud with her little rubber-booted feet. She smiled at him.

Nan—"It was horrid of you to say things about me to Leith Story. What made you? It isn't like you." She looked her astonishment. "Didn't you tell her you were dead sick of having a mere neighbor always at your heels like a retriever?" Her look made him aware that she had never said a word of the sort. His wet hand went out for hers, and she gave it to him frankly.

"Some folks," she said gravely, "are quality, and some are not. It shows in the way they stand daily wear and tear. Don't you think so, Terry?"

He stopped in the muddy road to give her a happy but very wet kiss.

She was well protected.

"Sal, they've got a woman pitcher for one of these teams, ain't they?"

"Sure. Haven't you seen her?"

"None. Who's de thin guy watchin' de tickets go in de box?"

"Dat's her husband."

"An' who's de whiskers tendin' gate?"

"Dat's her father."

"Den I suppose de bat boy is her brother."

"Correct."

Some Fall.

"You were in on the ground floor of the scheme?"

"No, I was in the cupola; when the bottom dropped out I fell clear into the subcellar."—Puck.

FLOWER MISSION DAY.

Last Meeting of the W. C. T. U. Held With Mrs. H. N. Turner.

Flower mission day was observed by the W. C. T. U. at their regular meeting last week Tuesday afternoon, and there was a large attendance. The meeting was held at the home of the president, Mrs. H. N. Turner, and there was an abundance of flowers which were afterwards sent to the hospitals and to shut-ins.

Following the devotional exercises, led by Mrs. Turner and the reading of the reports, Miss Isabel Follensby played a piano solo, and Mrs. Turner repeated Bingen on the Rhine, and told a story in connection with it. She then gave an interesting story of her recent trip abroad, especially of the time spent in Germany, describing the scenery, castles, people and the perfect weather with which they were favored while there. Mrs. D. C. Stiles sang a solo and delicious refreshments were served during a very pleasant afternoon.

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